## UNEQUAL MATCH:

A

#### TALE.

By the Author of the CURIOUS MAID.

Victa jacet pietas, & virgo-

O vio.

Passa tyranni

SEN.

Suprum Sævi



LONDON,

Printed for W. Lewis, in Great-Russel-Street, Covent-Garden.
MDCCXXXVII.

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By the Author of the Currous Marg.

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### UNEQUAL MATCH:

Frank to each other they cafels

T. A. T. Eulem icht

TWO against one, when well agreed,
Are Odds at any Game indeed!

And oft I've heard old Gamesters say,
They've still the better of the Lay,
Who sirst attack, defend who may.

Our Case, I think, is pretty clear,
As you shall judge: sit down, and hear.

TWO doughty Wights full long had try'd To conquer gay STATIR A's Pride.

In vain, for still the prudent Fair

Her Frowns, and Smiles so well did share,

That neither hop'd, or cou'd despair.

WORN

Worn with hard Duty, and Delays,
Attending Toilette, Park, and Plays,
And vainly dancing up and down
On trifling Errands round the Town,
Frank to each other they confess
Their mutual Ardour, and Success,
Their fruitless Pains, their doubtful Fate,
And swear Revenge at any rate.

VENGEANCE, cry'd NED, o'ercome with Ire,
Vengeance, not Love, I now require!
Revenge, Revenge, to Heav'n I vow!
My Friend, we'll be reveng'd! — but how?

Maturely turning o'er the Cause,

Take my Advice, quoth subtle DICK,

If we don't shew her Trick for Trick,

Why then may I be buried Quick!

Observe me: thus my Plot is laid:

While you behind surprise the Maid,

Before, my Batt'ry shall be play'd:

Honour

By Jove! quoth Ned, in sudden Glee,
Rapping his Knuckles on his Knee,
You've glanc'd upon my very Thought!
The filt to fusice shall be brought.
While we together thus attack,
'Tis odds she tumbles Edge, or Back.

FORTUNE, who with these Sparks conspired,
Refus'd not long, what they desired:
The Nymph was taken unattired,
Alone, in Bed, no Creature nigh;
Prepar'd but ill to sence or sy.

O, Now behold a moving Sight!

Poor Virtue in a dreadful Fright,

On all Sides press'd, in each Redoubt

Besieg'd by Blades resolv'd and stout!

CHAST LUCRECE ne'er was so beset,

As now they hamper'd our Coquet;

CEASE

Or PHILOMEL in her Difgrace on out fining winner! More fcar'd by the lewd King of THRACE, AND ON

WHICH Way so e'er her Charms are bent, The Foes their threat'ning Arms present! and animas! CHARYBDIS' Fury while the thuns, and bonking avincy. On SCYLLA's Horrours strait she runs. On the self Caught in this treach'rous Ambuscade, and an elisting She call'd amain, and scream'd, and pray'd.

HELP Heav'n she cry'd while help is good! Can Two to One be long withstood? The Nymph was taken Thus must my boasted Virtue end? Alone, in Bed, no. Is there no God to stand it's Friend? Prepar'd but ill to sence or fly.

VENUS, who heard her from on High, And faw the Nymph must needs comply; That Honour 'gainst a Brace so bold, along ashie lls no Both Citadels cou'd never hold; violet while ye b gestell Slid down, and with a roguish Sneer, Thus whisper'd in her virgin Ean : A HO .

> As now they hamper'd our Cognet; CEASE

CEASE, fond STATIRA, to refift;
And give up what may ne'er be misst!
To choose the least of Evils two,
Is all the wisest Heads can do.
Will you not see that you're o'erpower'd?
Fall back in Time, and be deflower'd!



CEASE, fond STATIRA, to refill;
And give up what may ne'er be milst!
To choose the least of Evilt two,

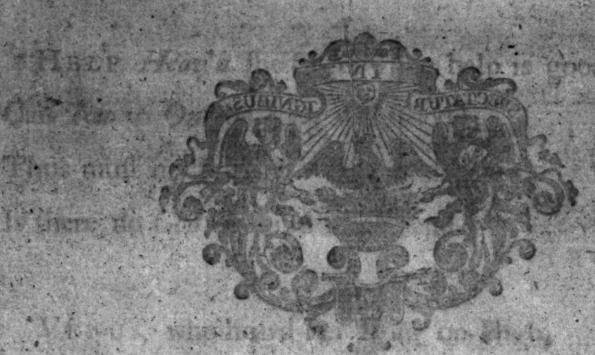
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